

Nocturnal Vengeance

by Wordsworth 13

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Summary: Hamtaro mysteriously falls asleep and the HamHams can't wake him, but how did this happen? Who knows what could go wrong when the other hams fall asleep?

1. Hamtaro is Indisposed

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By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

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>Chapter 1: Hamtaro is Indisposed<p><p>

Hamtaro slid down the drainpipe on the side of the Haruna household, and, after doing an unintentional summersault, landed on Brandy's nose. "Hiya, Brandy!" He said, raising one paw in greeting. As always the liquor-brown dog just yawned, and you wouldn't know if she had heard him or not, leaving Hamtaro to fall off and land on his side in the grass. He quickly made his way back onto his feet and began walking to the clubhouse he visited so often, mornings always had a safe monotony that was rarely interrupted.

He ticki'd to the park and jumped down a small hole surrounded by stones, then walked through a dark tunnel and opened the green door to the clubhouse wherein he was greeted by a slender white ham-girl with two pigtails tied in blue ribbons. "Salut 'Amtaro!" she said

"Uh, hi Bijou." He responded, now wondering what 'salut' meant. He looked around, Stan was nursing an injury on his face, probably where he'd been slapped, Sandy, Pashmina and Penelope were chatting amongst

themselves, Maxwell was sat on the couch his mind currently somewhere in the land of J.R.R Tolkein's imagination, Howdy and Dexter were yelling at each other, Snoozer was snoozing, Oxnard was gorging himself, Cappy was hiding under a frying pan that he used as an insanely oversized hat, Panda was hitting something made of wood with a small rock, and Boss was just sitting in the armchair looking like he owned the place, which, technically, he did.

In other words nothing had changed, but pretty much everyone was happy with the way things were, so that wasn't a problem. He looked around, everyone was here, which was odd, as everyone was in the same room even though there were others in the house, after all, they couldn't expect boss to live in one room, could they?

Hamtaro decided he wished to play a game of hide-and-seek, which Cappy was always up for, so he made his way over to him. About halfway there he heard a sound like someone's voice as he passed Boss' room: "Psst!"

"Heke?" he said to no-one in particular; he thought everyone was in this room, unless he'd forgotten about someone. "Psst! Hamtaro!" Whoever it was, it was him they were talking to, "Hamtaro, come in here!" Hamtaro didn't recognise the voice, but could have sworn he'd heard it before. Once again he spoke, but to no-one, "I'm gonna have to investigate!" as he slipped through the door, unnoticed.

Once in the room, Hamtaro noticed the lights were off, which was weird and in one shadowy corner stood a familiar, yet mysterious shape, definitely a hamster, with gleaming eyes. "Hello," it said in a creepily happy voice "old friend."

"Hey! I know you!" Hamtaro said in return "You're that guy, uh, ummâ€|"

"What!" the mystery-ham whined "You don't even remember my name?"

"Sure I do! It's uh, it's uhmâ€|" The shadowed hamster sighed and reached into a small sack he was holding, pulled out a handful of sparkling dust and threw it into Hamtaro's face. Slowly the orange and white ham-ham's eyelids began to droop, the strange figure turned him around and booted him in the back to encourage him to leave the room. Now all the uninvited guest needed was somewhere to hide, there was another door in the room, which he promptly went through to find himself in a bathroom, he sighed to himself, sat down and grinned, as he awaited the ensuing chaos.

Meanwhile Hamtaro stumbled out of Boss's room and fell over, propped standing against a wall. Stan was the first to see him: "Aaah! Hamtaro's dead!" he screamed in terror. Everyone turned around at Stan's horrified yelp, his twin sister Sandy watched Hamtaro's chest slowly rise and fall. "I think he's, like, sleeping." She remarked, which was the case; everyone could hear his breathing. "I knew that!" Stan said defensively.

Maxwell stepped forward, "Uh, maybe I should take a look at him." He said quietly, pretty much everyone agreed so he stepped forwards and glared at Hamtaro, "Hello?" he said, nothing, "Hamtaro?" he said louder, still nothing, then he tried his last resort and shook him by the shoulder, even more nothing. "I've come to a conclusion!" he

announced "This sleep is induced!"

"What's that mean?" Questioned Oxnard

"It means;" Maxwell replied, "someone has put him to sleep."

"Maybe you just didn't try hard enough!" Boss remarked, pushing to the front of the crowd. He grabbed Hamtaro and picked him up, and then, he began to violently shake him "Hamtaro! Wake up or I'll pull your ears off!" Hamtaro did nothing of the sort, "No, your right." Boss said nonchalantly, returning Hamtaro to his spot, propped up on the wall.

"Hmm, I'm going to have to do some research on this." Maxwell said, "Until then try to wake him up."

"How?" Inquired Cappy. Maxwell paused for a moment and said;

"Some way that won't disrupt his internal organs," as he sat down at his desk with a large whit book, none of the ham-hams knew what this meant, so they were basically flying blind.

Hamtaro, meanwhile, as far as he knew, was standing in the middle of a large meadow. "Huh?" he said "Where am I?" He look around and thought to himself, time to check things out, and he ran off, intent on finding out where he was, if anywhere.

* * *

>Pretty good huh? If not please don't flame but read and review 'cause it's my first ever fan fic on this site, and my first about Hamtaro. (;<p><p>

2. Rapid Eye Movement

Nocturnal Vengeance

By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

Special Thanks: Wolfenheim & cappyandpashy4ever. Neither one of you will be receiving a muffin basket. Sorry!

* * *

>Chapter 2: Rapid Eye Movement<p><p>

"So," Boss said "is everyone sure they have no idea what 'without disrupting his internal organs' means?"

"Yup!" Everybody replied simultaneously.

"Okay," Boss said "then does anyone have any ideas to wake him up?"

"How about smelling salts?" Pashmina suggested.

"Smelling salts?" Inquired Oxnard.

"Yeah," Pashmina said nodding "June said something about waking people who've fainted up with smelling salts, they smell really strong!" Boss frowned and put his paw to his chin "I don't think I've got any of those," he said with a hint of disappointment in his voice "but I'll see what I can do!" He came back, brightening up. He marched off into the kitchen, and sounds of bottles and jars being unscrewed and emptied, then everyone heard the sound of breaking glass and Boss yell "Dammit!" He then came back holding a small dish containing what appeared to be a mixture of spices and salt, as if nothing had happened.

"Well," he said "let's get this stir fry boiling!" As he placed the dish beneath Hamtarō's small, pink nose, everyone's favourite orange and white hamster, was strolling through the meadow he'd found himself in, beginning to think there was nothing out here, when suddenly he caught an aroma in the air "Huh?" He said, his nose twitching "What's that smell, hif-hif, hif-hif, smells likeâ€| Salt coated gingerbread men in chilli sauce?" He paused, and thought for a moment. "Sounds delicious!" He exclaimed to no-one.

Boss looked down at the dish of spices he'd mixed together. "It's not working." Boss said quietly, then sighed, "Get rid of this for me." He said, handing the bowl to Howdy, "I've got an idea." Howdy said loudly, to a rude extent "Why can't we just hit him?"

"What?" Everyone exclaimed, Dexter the loudest of course,

"That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard!" He yelled,

"No it ain't, you're just sayin' that 'cause it was my idea!" Howdy screamed back

"No I'm not!"

"Yes you are!"

"I'm not!"

"Are!"

"Not!"

"Are!"

"Quiet!" Screamed boss. Everyone shut up "Does anyone have any better ideas?" No one said anything. "Okay then, we might as well try."

"Ermâ€|" Bijou said quietly, everyone turned to her "Uh, I don't sink hitting him will help anysing."

"Uhâ€|" Boss, said, blushing after being contradicted by the girl of his dreams.

"Whatever, we gotta try!" Howdy yelled. Meanwhile Maxwell turned to the next chapter in his book, losing hope of finding any remedy for Hamtarō, or even a diagnosis.

"Okay," Boss said, holding his shovel, "I'm ready."

"Well, then go ahead!" Howdy obnoxiously yelled, as was his way.

"Okay, here goes!" Boss said, then ran towards Hamtaro, raised his shovel andâ€!

BANG!

Hamtaro glanced from side to side, "I don't think there's anything out here!" He yelled at everything and nothing. But then, in the corner of his eye he saw a tiny grey dot in the distance, it looked like a huge rock, and whereas rocks aren't very interesting, anything was worth investigating in this empty wasteland. He was about to set off for it when he felt a sharp pain on top of his head. He immediately yelped "Ow! Where the hell did that come from!" rubbing his head he resumed his quest, contemplating the possibility of a freak vanishing meteor hitting him on the noggin.

"He's still not awake." Dexter said, pointing out the obvious. Howdy scratched his chin and said "Maybe we just gotta hit him harder."

"What, that's preposterous, this is obviously not working!"

"How do you know, Four-Eyes!"

"Because I do!"

"Oh yeah!"

"Yeah!"

"Shut it!" Boss screamed for the umpteenth time, "Once again, does anyone have a better plan?" Everyone shook their heads "Then we go along with Howdy." Boss said authoritatively, "Hmph!" Dexter said turning around, then tilting his head to glare at Howdy. Maxwell, meanwhile, sighed, he wasn't finding any answers "I know all this stuff already." He said to himself in despair.

"Are you, like, sure?" Sandy said standing in front of the sleeping Hamtaro, glancing at him with a none-too-pleased look. "Yep." Boss said decisively, "You're a gymnast, you'll have the best kick!" She still wasn't entirely sure.

"Well, if you say soâ€!" She raised her foot and Bijou covered her eyes.

Whump!

Out of nowhere Hamtaro was sent flying backwards, and landed on the ground with a thump, "What?" He said in confusion "Another vanishing meteor?" He dusted himself off and decided to think nothing of it, "Ah well," and once again he continued, headed for the rock in the distance. Meanwhile at the clubhouse Sandy looked disappointed "Aww, it didn't work."

"Well, never mind," Boss sighed

"No wait! One more try I'll make it work this time!" Sandy yelled, rearing up her right leg, and once again she kicked him, but not in the chest this time. Panda was staring in astonishment at Hamtaro, then at Sandy. He shook his head "That was just mean." Hamtaro meanwhile had stopped in his tracks once again, with an expression of unimaginable pain on his face. "Oooooooooooooow!" He whined. "Now, I know that one wasn't a meteor." He waited about two minutes until he got his movement back, then set off hoping whatever was beating him to a pulp didn't have such good aim next time. Meanwhile Sandy's plan hadn't worked, Hamtaro was still sleeping and she was receiving a lecture from Panda about it being plain wrong to hit a boy 'there'.

Maxwell saw a paragraph that caught his eye, yes, he thought, this is the answer, and finished the double page spread to make sure he didn't miss anything. Meanwhile Panda yelled to the other HamHams, "I've got it", pulling out a hamster sized sledge hammer, "Uh, are we sure this is safe?" He asked, walking up to them

"Absolutely." Boss reassured him

"Well, okayâ€|" he said raising the hammer above his head, he was about to bring it down when Maxwell grabbed his arm "Beating the proverbial daylights out of Hamtaro will not cause him to regain consciousness." He calmly chastised Panda. Everyone stared at him in confusion, finally Stan blurted out "What?" Sandy, who, being Maxwell's girlfriend, was accustomed to Maxwell-talk (Or hyper-intelligent-linguistics, either is acceptable.) said "He, like, means smashing Hamtaro's face in won't solve anything."

"See, I was right." Bijou said sharply to everyone except Maxwell.

"Now," Maxwell said, kneeling down, "let's take a look." He pulled one of Hamtaro's eyes open and watched as it darted back and forth. "Just, as I suspected, he's got R.E.M." "R.E.M! I love that band!" Stan yelled out and then began to sing; "_I've got my spine, I've got my orange crush!_"

"Shut up!" Sandy said sharply, dragging her brother to the back of the crowd with her pink gymnast's ribbon. "I meant he's got rapid eye movement, which means one thing." Maxwell told everyone "What?" They all questioned.

"He's dreaming."

* * *

>What did ya think? Good, no flames but constructive criticism is accepted, Please review I wrote most of this in one go so I'd appreciate some readers, lots of reviews, please!<p><p>

3. Good Night

Nocturnal Vengeance

By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

Special Thanks: cappyandpashy4ever. Waah! I only got one review, oh well, I guess it's 'cause I published in the middle of the school week.

* * *

>Chapter 3: Good Night<p><p>

"So he's dreaming," Stan said, "and that helps us how?"

"I'm not entirely sure, but this knowledge could help us to wake him," Maxwell replied, they were, of course talking about Hamtaro, who had mysteriously fallen asleep, and no-one had been able to wake him up between an attempt using smelling salts and kicking him in his manhood, or hamsterhood, I suppose would be a slightly more fitting term. So in summary I'd say all attempts were painful and unsuccessful, although also a lot of fun.

Meanwhile, sitting on a porcelain throne was a maniacally grinning hamster with gleaming, crescent shaped eyes. "Hmm," he sighed, resting his chin in one of his paws, "I'm bored, there's no escaping it, I'm tired of waiting!" He then looked up and began to smile creepily, "Time to put my plan into motion."

Hamtaro on the other hand, as far as he could tell, was strutting towards a grey dot that he'd spotted a good twenty minutes ago, and was finally closing in. He was also in a good mood because for at least five minutes nothing had tried to kill him. He had no explanation, but he assumed the universe just hated him. He had been feeling random pain, as if people were kicking him and hitting him with shovels, but he was sure he was totally alone. He sighed "I don't even know where I am." Then a though struck him "Oh no! What if I can't find my way home, if I'm not home by 3 o'clock, Laura will get worried about me, I might never get home!" He then screamed for no real reason, which, as with many people, made him feel slightly better.

Back in the clubhouse, our mystery ham was slowly opening the door of Boss' bathroom, and crept out of his room, everyone was gathering around Hamtaro and the as-yet-nameless ham hid under the table, and thought, all I need is a way to give this powder to everyone at the same time, and then he looked up, and a devious smile spread over his face.

"I think we've established Hamtaro won't be awoken by normal means." Maxwell, who was now sat on the floor like everyone else who had crowded around Hamtaro, a group consisting of every ham in the clubhouse, all except of course, one unwanted and undetected guest.

While the group of, frankly, clueless hamsters began thinking and suggesting solutions, the ham-whose-name-must-not-be-spoken-because-we-don't-know-what-it-is-yet began climbing up the ladder on the wall, and walked over to the basket that was fastened to a rope, and used as a means of transportation, and climbed in, he then began to pull the rope, thus

moving the basket, bit by bit until he was suspended in mid-air. At that point, on the floor, Bijou was kneeling over Hamtaro with a saddened look on her face, "Oh, Hamtaro," she said worriedly "please wake up." Our devilish mystery ham, was at this point in the basket, and reached into his sack, pulling out another handful of sparkling powder, "Heh, heh," he laughed "pixie dust, hm hm hmâ€|", and sprinkled the whole lot over the Ham-Hams, innocently peering over Hamtaro and wondering if and when he'd awaken. Maxwell noticed the dust falling and looked up, wondering what on earth what appeared to be glitter was falling from the ceiling, and he saw a blurry and familiar shape, and then just closed his eyes.

He awoke in the middle of a dark turquoise field he looked around, all the other Ham Hams were waking up, rubbing their heads, and groaning. "What happened?" He weakly said to everyone and no-one, "Where are we?" Boss asked, being the first one on his feet. "I don't know," Maxwell groaned, still rubbing his head, and slowly getting to his feet. "I don't like zis," Bijou said, quietly trembling, Boss, seeing his chance to get on the cute French hamster's good side, sidled up to her and said "Don't worry Bijou; I'll protect you." Getting no real response.

"Yeah!" Howdy said in a voice at least twice as loud as a normal inside voice, but out here one can guess inside voices didn't matter "Where the heck are we, and how the hell'd we get here!"

"I'd say your guess is as good as mine but I'd be insulting myself," Howdy said, never missing a chance to zing Howdy.

"Guys, guys," Boss said "does anybody have any idea where we are or how we got here?" Everyone shook their heads, he turned to Maxwell hopefully

"Uh, I think I remember something like falling asleep. Oh! And glitter falling from the ceiling!" The tall, brown and white hamster said, shrugging.

"Maybe we're dead!" Howdy said, further demonstrating his stupidity, enforcing the message made by his 'let's beat the crap out of Hamtaro' idea, "This could be heaven!" "If this is heaven then where are the sunflowers?" Oxnard asked, pointing out by the lack of delicious seedy goodness this was obviously not heaven. "Well maybe it's hell then!" Howdy yelled "Why would we go to hell?" Boss asked Howdy shrugged.

"Casual swearing?"

Bijou meanwhile was looking the opposite direction of the other Ham Hams, "Guys," she said to them all "I sink I see somesing."

"Huh?" most of them said, all of them turning around,

"I, I sink it's a cave."

"A cave?" the same 'most people' asked.

"Oui!"

Everyone agreed that going to the cave, what was probably a stable and reliable shelter, was a good ides, and Boss, always a ham to step

straight into the limelight, ran straight to the front of the group and yelled "Follow me guys!"

"But Boss!" Bijou cut in "You are going ze wrong way." Boss began to sweat anime style "Uhâ€|uh, yeah I knew that! I was just, just testing you, that's all. And you passed congratulations, heh, heh-heh, hehâ€|" No-one was convinced. Boss just began to walk off, in the right direction this time, thank God, and the not ramshackle, but still nowhere near shining rank of innocent hamsters began to follow him. Eventually, after a long walk that, a thought that occurred to both Dexter and Maxwell, should have been tiring but wasn't they arrived at the cave and decided to enter, it being perhaps a more ideal place to construct a plan of action than in the middle of an odd looking meadow that looked more like a painting than reality. But what they found inside was not what they had been expecting, except Maxwell, who had kind of expected to see him eventually, then Maxwell though, 'like falling asleep', hmm.

"H-hi guys." Hamtaro said weakly, there was a small trickle of blood running down from his mouth and there were tears welling up in his eyes. His fur was bedraggled and he was covered in bruises. "Hamtaro, what 'appened to you?" Bijou gasped in shock "I dunno," he said, shrugging and smiling, making it seem like his extensive injuries were nothing "somethin' invisible kept hitting me, at first I thought it was vanishing meteors, but their aim isn't that good." He laughed like everything he'd been through was a funny joke, it wasn't from his point of view, but admittedly it would have taken pride of place in a home video blooper show.

"C'mon, let's get you up," Maxwell said, helping Hamtaro to his feet.

"Having fun Ham Hams?" Came a sinister and familiar voice. Everyone trotted outside to see a mischievously grinning hamster with half moon eyes who was wearing a devil costume that made him look like a kid on a low budget on Halloween. "Hey, I remember you, what was your name againâ€|?" Maxwell said, looking up and snapping his fingers in hope of remembering. The literally devilish ham fell over anime style "Spâ€|Spâ€|" Maxwell said "Yes, yes." The mysterious figure that was in plain sight said, encouraging Maxwell "Spit!" Maxwell finally said. The mystery-ham's jaw dropped anime style and his eyes became scribbly in annoyance. "What?" He screamed at Maxwell "No my name is not _Spat_!"

"Wait! Wait! I know! It's uhâ€| Tiff!" Sandy declared

"Tiff?" The horned hamster said, in utter disbelief that after all the trouble they'd caused each other the Ham Hams couldn't even remember his name! "It's something beginning with S." Stan said in an almost-certain-but-not-quite-sure voice.

"Salisbury?" Hamtaro

"No!" Screamed a now very agitated villain "My name is Spat! S P A T! Spat!" Everyone paused, eventually Stan blurted out, him always being one to break a silence with an idiotic comment; "Well that's a stupid name!" A look of shock, and then of disdain came over Hamtaro's face.

"Oh, yeah now I remember you, you're that jerk who kept spreading

mean rumours about us!"

"Finally some recognition!" Spat yelled "Yeah, that's right Rusty, it's me!" At that point the only thought running through Hamtaro's head was; Rusty? Who the hell is Rusty? "Don't call 'Amtaro names!" Bijou screamed at Spat "Shut up Frenchie!" He screamed back. "Hey! Don't call her that!" Boss and Stan screamed in perfect unison, as if they'd been rehearsing for it or something. "Oh," Spat said quietly "it's the fathead and the perv! Sorry, but I don't have time to chat." He said, and snapped his fingers. Suddenly a hole appeared beneath the Ham Hams and they began to fall. Hamtaro awoke and looked around, he was in a vast empty desert, Bijou laid next to him, still unconscious. And all he could say was: "Ah crap! Not again!"

* * *

>Good eh, by the way I'm accepting flames now, but don't be too mean or I'll send you a muffin basket. An exploding muffin basket that is! Mwahahahahahah!<p><p>

4. The Desert of Dreams

Nocturnal Vengeance

By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

Special Thanks: Ringa ham, cappyandpashy4ever, MST3K Forever and sparkleshine101! Thanks for all your reviews; I will now consider not putting sulphuric acid in your muffins.

* * *

>Chapter 4: The Desert of Dreams<p><p>

Maxwell slowly opened his eyes, everything was blurry. "Muh, neh, wassappnen'?" He slowly said in a drowsy tone. He blinked and looked around, he was in the middle of a huge desert, thankfully however, he was not alone. Stan was groaning on the floor and Oxnard was already up "Oh, Maxwell you're awake?" He said, then suddenly burst out "Oh my God! I'm sorry! I was staring at you and it's not polite to stare!"

"It's okay, it's okay!" Maxwell said, trying to calm him down, and thinking; whoa, this guy has issues! Stan groaned and pulled himself to his feet, "wha, what happened?" Maxwell put a paw to his chin "Well—" he began but was cut off by a loud and extremely strange sound. Like a crow cawing. Maxwell looked up, and then wished that he hadn't, above him was a giant crow, by hamster standards of course, it was about the size of a dustbin. So to Stan, Maxwell and Oxnard, it was bloody huge!

"Run!" Stan screamed, as he began pegging it, and was followed by a hamster with too big a brain, and another hamster with too big a stomach. After a short while of running and screaming and generally looking like complete twats, Maxwell spotted a hole and ran to the

front of the group, and jumped down it, the others followed. The crow seeing this put its black beak in the hole and started scratching around. Maxwell yelped and everyone scooted up to the sides after a few seconds and a couple of deft pecks the bird gave up.

"What," Stan managed to say, gasping for breath, "the hell, is going, on." He breathed in a huge breath, let it out and stopped gasping. Once again Maxwell put his paw to his chin, Stan decided he was going to say something boring and put on a face like he was listening and began running through chat up lines in his head, that and how girls were supposed to react to them, and not, of course, the way they actually would. "Well," Maxwell began "judging by the fact that Hamtarō's here to I'd have to say that we're in some kind of dream,"

"Yeah, yeah, we know that part!" Stan blurted out rudely

"And that Sput's controlling it somehow!"

"His name wasn't Sput it was Sprat!"

"Whatever!" Maxwell said as he began to clamber out of the hole, "We need to wake up, but I don't know how. External methods aren't helping, not that we can use them anymore."

"What are external methods?" Oxnard asked, his limited vocabulary being a major downfall in the mess of boredom and complicated words that was standing next to Maxwell for more than five seconds.

"External methods are ways we try to wake people up, like pouring water over their heads. But we're gonna have to wake our selves up from inside the dream, but I don't have any idea how." After a few seconds of bemused staring, thankfully without him screaming something about impoliteness, Oxnard snapped his fingers and said "Pouring water over his head! Why didn't I think of that?" Maxwell sighed, I'm wasting my time, he thought.

Stan slowly struggled out of the hole as Maxwell continued his train of thought, after a few seconds of clicking and whirring in his logical brain, Maxwell opened his eyes "That's it!" He said to himself, though in an excited voice that everyone could hear.

"What is it?" Stan asked

"Have you ever noticed that in dreams, you always wake up just before you die?"

"Mm-hmm," Stan said quietly, but he was facing away from Maxwell, with his paw over his forehead. "Well" Maxwell continued "I think, if we die in this dream, we'll wake up just before we do!"

"Oh," Stan said as if he wasn't interested "then I suppose that cannonball flying towards us is nothing to worry about."

"What?" Maxwell screamed pushing Stan out of the way, as the cannonball just kept flying into the distance. "What?" Stan said in confusion "When we start out, dying's bad like always, but then suddenly dying's good, but now for no reason, dying's bad again!" "The idea's no good if the only ones who know about it aren't in the dream anymore!" Maxwell yelled, "I think Sput's onto us!"

"Very good," came a familiar and unwanted voice "but my name isn't Sput!"

Meanwhile Sandy, Pashmina and Penelope were sat in a circle "Like, does anyone have any idea what just happened?" Sandy asked. Pashmina and Penelope shook their heads. "Like, any idea where we are?" Once again, the two shook their heads "Any idea what we should do?" More shaking of heads commenced. Sandy sighed.

"Aaah!" Maxwell screamed "It's Splort!

"My name isn't Splort either!" Spat, hissed through gritted teeth

"Spartan?" Maxwell guessed

"Splorge?" Oxnard hazarded

"Rebecca?" Stan asked completely randomly. Spat had a bulging vein on his forehead and was tapping his foot, "No," he said calmly "My name is Spat! Spat! Spat! Damn you!"

"So," Stan said slowly "not Rebecca then?" Spat screamed in frustration.

"Look!" He said "Let's get back to the point, yes I'm on to you, I know you know my plan, so, I'll just have to send you away from here, somewhere outside of my little Desert of Dreams."

"How did you get us here?" Maxwell demanded

"Ah, that would be the dream dust." Spat said, as if he had any idea how it worked. "Now, back to the banishing you to the land of wind and ghosts!"

"That doesn't sound good!" Stan said fearfully. Black lightning began to appear in Spat's hands. Stan and Maxwell, just stood, frozen in fear, their hair standing on end, when out of nowhere, a rock hit Spat on the head and he vanished in a puff of purple smoke. Oxnard stood where Spat had just been, the small brown stone clutched in his paws. "All right Oxnard!" Maxwell exclaimed

"Nice goin' Oxy" Stan congratulated him.

"Okay, now we can tell the others how to get out of the dream! The only problem is; how?"

"What about that?" Oxnard said, pointing to a small phone booth.

"What?" Maxwell shouted "Why is there a pay phone out here in the desert?"

"Who cares?" Stan yelled "My ham Oxy's on a roll today!" The three ran to the booth. Maxwell looked inside, it had a rather plaintive metal phone, what was odd however, was that there were twenty six keys, each with a bold capital letter printed on it. The only way it was different to a normal pay phone was that it was hamster sized and that the coin slot was shaped like a sunflower seed. "Aw, we need a sunflower seed to operate the phone." Maxwell whined in

disappointment. "I could sure go for a sunflower seed right now." Oxnard said, rubbing his stomach. At that moment, out of the blue a sunflower appeared in his paws in a plume of violet smoke. "Thank you," Maxwell said, taking it out of Oxnard's hands and slotting it into the machine, causing Oxnard's face to become a portrait of displeasure and hunger.

"Hmm," Maxwell looked at the odd keyboard on the silver panel "if anyone can help us it's Hamtaro!" He began dialling "H-A-M-T-A-R-O, and ring!" Maxwell put his ear to the receiver.

Bijou rubbed her eyes as she sat up on the fine, soft yellow sand. Hamtaro was already up next to her, looking around. Apart from the cool breeze and the distant, chocolate coloured mountains they were completely alone. "Uh, 'Amtaro?" she said "Yeah?"

"Why is zere a phone box in ze middle of ze desert?" She pointed behind Hamtaro. "What are you talking about?" He asked turning around, behind him, there was a shiny metal phone booth. "Wha?" He said. As random as the phone had actually been there it began ringing. He picked up the receiver "H-hello?"

"Hamtaro?" A voice said

"Maxwell?"

"Yeah?"

"What is it? How are you calling this phone?"

"I have no idea how I'm calling, but I think I've found a way to get out of this dream!"

"Dream?"

"Yeah, now listen carefully!"

Sandy, Pashmina and Penelope meanwhile, were walking, deciding it was better than sitting still, and back where Maxwell was on the phone, bored.

"Are you sure it'll work, is there anything else that might happen?"

"Well, either we'll just reappear somewhere else in the dream orâ€¢!"

"Or what?"

"We'll die for real."

"What?"

"Don't worry there's only a five percent chance of that happening!"

"Well, if you say so."

Then Hamtaro heard Bijou's voice "Sandy, Pashmina, Penelope!"

"Bye." Hamtaro said, hanging up. He turned around and saw the four girl-hams. "Hey guys, Maxwell's got a plan!"

"Yeah, I knew my Maxy'd come up with something!"

"Yeah!" Hamtaro replied "All we gotta do to escape from here, here's a dream by the way, is die!"

"Huh?"

"Yeah that's what he said."

Maxwell put the phone down. "Did ya tell 'em?" Stan inquired

"Yeah, the rest's up to Hamtaro now. But I'm sure he can do it!" Maxwell replied

"Yeah," Oxnard said, nodding.

"Hey, what's that?" Stan asked, pointing to the group's right. "That black dot!"

"It looks like that cannonball I pushed you out of the way of." Maxwell said in awe "But that means it would have circled the entire world, dream world I mean, without losing any momen—" He was cut off when the ball hit him, he being absent minded enough not to step out of the way. He vanished in a puff of amethyst smoke. "Where'd he go?" Stan asked.

* * *

>Hooray! I'm finally done! This could be my longest chapter ever! Sorry it took so long! Hope you enjoyed it! Please read and review, I want lot's of names to put on my 'Special Thanks' list!<p><p>

5. Random Death

Nocturnal Vengeance

By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: K+

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

* * *

>Special Thanks: Hamstarz12, sparkleshine101 and cappyandpashy4ever! You will be glad to hear I have thrown away my entire stock of sulphuric acid, but don't cross me; I've still got the rat's poison! Beware of muffins bearing my name!<p><p>

Chapter 5: Random Death

"Well, it's kinda weird, but I think it could work!" Pashmina said. She, Sandy, Penelope, Bijou and Hamtaro were stood in a circle, discussing their current situation. "Yeah," Sandy agreed, automatically taking the side of Maxwell's ingenious, if not random, plan "but, like, how are we s'posed to do that out here?" she went on

"This place is, like, totally empty!"

"We could use zat phone to bash our 'eads in." Bijou suggested "We wouldn't feel a sing."

"Wouldn't feel a thing? What about the invisible meteors!" Hamtarō yelled. Everyone remembered their original 'wake up Hamtarō' tactics and laughed nervously. Pashmina's ears pricked "Huh, what's that noise?" she said

"Hey yeah, I hear it too!" Sandy said "It's kind of a scratching sound, like shuffling hamster feet!" Everyone was confused. Then in the middle of their circle sand started to fly up in clouds "Diggi-diggi! Diggi-diggi!" Came a familiar, deep voice. A beige head with a black muzzle and ears popped up "Boss!" everyone exclaimed. "Hey guys," he said, pulling himself up, out of the hole, soon more sand was thrown up, along with more familiar faces. Howdy, Dexter, Cappy and Panda, had apparently all been helping Boss to dig. Everyone, now that the hole was decent size, could see they'd been digging from some way away like a tunnel, and that under less than an inch of sand (A proper inch, not a hamster inch.) was a dry, course soil like that of a barren wasteland. This was what Boss had dug through. All of a sudden there was a slight and strange cracking noise. "Wha?" Boss said in confusion, then looked down to see the weight of him and four other hamsters was cracking the floor, "Everybody out!" He yelled scrambling up the walls of his shallow pit. Hamtarō pulled him up, he was relieved to see that the others had managed to climb out, especially when he was the floor of the pit crumble to reveal a deep, black pit.

"Whoa!" Howdy exclaimed "I sure as heck didn't dig that! Get it? Dig!" He let out an overzealous laugh that was possibly made more or less crazy by his western accent, everyone sweated anime style, their eyes reduced to dots in an expression that clearly meant: 'What the hell are you on about, you mad git?' "What? I think it's funny, somebody should put that on the internet!" He let out another super villain style laugh. "Hey, does anyone know where we are?" Boss asked. Hamtarō explained the situation "So we're dreaming, and the only way to stop is to kick the bucket?" Boss asked "Yeah, but only in the dream." Hamtarō said, confirming Boss' statement. Dexter knelt down next to the hole "How deep do you think this is anyway?" he asked. Panda picked up a small round, grey pebble, and dropped it down the hole. He tried to listen to its landing, but he couldn't hear a thing. "I think it's deep." He said.

Oxnard and Stan however, on the other side of the desert, no longer with the guidance of Maxwell's impressive I.Q. were absolutely clueless. This is when a small round, grey pebble fell from the sky, and just as it was about to hit Oxnard Square on top of his head he vanished, in a cloud of purple smoke. "What?" Stan yelled "Oxy you can't just leave me here!"

Meanwhile, back at the hole Howdy and Boss were peering over the edge, when out of the blue, the sand began to slip. Hamtarō tried to snatch Boss' paw but wasn't fast enough. The eight hamsters could only watch as their two friends tumbled into the blackness, followed by a thin plume of violet smoke. Hamtarō tried to think of thing that could make purple smoke at the bottom of the hole. The list was as follows: Purple lava, Purple acid and a Purple paper shredder. It seemed unlikely that these would be in the middle of the desert, so

Hamtarō just decided not to worry about it.

"Come on, you can't just leave me out here! You can't leave me alone! This is an injustice, an injustice I say!" Stan was screaming at the top of his voice. Then his ears twitched as he heard an odd sound, kind of like screaming. He looked up and his eyes widened, as he saw a large cream and black field hamster, along with an annoying brown supermarket worker falling from the sky. The three disappeared in a thick plume of smoke before the falling hams even hit the ground.

"Today just keeps getting weirder and weirder," Hamtarō said peering down the hole Boss and Howdy had just fallen down. "Still, it's nice to have a break from Howdy's phenomenally dire sense of humour." Dexter remarked, and though most of the Ham Hams didn't catch a word of that, if they'd know what it meant they would have had to agree. Then there came a loud screech that you or I might recognise from earlier in this tale, and that the Ham Hams had heard before, but never at such a volume. Hamtarō looked up and blue fear lines appeared across his face, him sweating anime style. "Run!" He screamed, and his fellow hams didn't need to be told twice, they all began scurrying to the east, though to them it was slightly forward and right. If you haven't figured it out already, a huge crow with ruffled yet glistening feather was chasing them across the desert sands. Suddenly Dexter stopped, turning to Cappy who was next to him "Wait," he said slowly "aren't we supposed to get killed!"

"Oh yeah," Cappy replied, everyone else was wondering why they were standing still, but had already leapt into a small pile of reddish, sandy coloured rocks that could be recognised as a rather odd looking and somewhat unstable looking cave. "What are they doing!" Panda whispered through a panicky voice and gritted teeth.

"I don't knowâ€|" Hamtarō replied slowly, also through gritted teeth.

"Look out you guys!" Pashmina cried

"Hmm," Dexter said, turning his head, but it was too late, as he and Cappy turned to face the others, the gargantuan crow landed and went at them with its mighty black beak, and just when it was closing it on them, looks of shock and terror on their faces, they vanished into thin air, leaving behind nothing but a cloud of dark lavender smoke. "Huh, what happened to them?" Panda asked loudly.

"I dunno," Hamtarō said "hey! Maybe they disappeared 'cause in dreams, you wake up before you bite the dust! That means they woke up, right?"

"I sink so," Bijou reassured him,

"Hey wait, Hamtarō, since when do you, like, say stuff like bite the dust?" Sandy asked. Hamtarō's expression became more of slight unhappiness then of query. "Well, I uh," his voice had hushed to a whisper "I didn't want to use the, uh," his voice became even quieter "D-word."

"Oh," Sandy said as if that were perfectly normal "you didn't want to bring up death!"

Hamtaro looked confused and said "Oh, yeah, that's it, I didn't want to bring up death, 'cause I'm such a wimp." He crawled into a corner and began sucking his thumb in a foetal position. "Uh, guys," Bijou stammered "Is it me; or is 'Amtaro acting strange." Everyone gave Hamtaro a confused look but thought nothing of it. "The weirdness of the situation's probably just getting to him." Sandy said reassuringly.

"Yeah, I guess so," Bijou said.

* * *

>Woo, scary eh, what's up with Hamtaro? Anyway please read and review, also, tell me if I'm overstepping the K+ rating. I really need to know. Thanks. <div>

6. Good Morning

Nocturnal Vengeance

By: Wordsworth 13

Rating: T

Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtaro

Special Thanks: Ringa ham, cappyandpashy4ever, Arisu Tsuranu, and sparkleshine101! Good news! I'm removing all toxic and corrosive substances from my kitchen. All my culinary creations are now acid free. Or are they? Mwahahahahaha!

* * *

>Chapter 6: Good Morning<p><p>

Hamtaro was sucking his thumb, if he has one; it's hard to say with hamsters. He was also tucked away in a corner. Everyone else was knelt on the floor, trying to come up with a solution to their current dilemma, and that was being trapped in a dream world controlled by the rodent embodiment of evil, the name of whom they repeatedly got wrong. "Like, whadda ya think Spret's trying to do by trapping us here?" Sandy asked the others; if they knew why he brought them here it may be easier to escape. "Was his name Spret? I thought it was Slatt," Panda inquired "anyway, think about it, Splett's trapped us here because in the real world, our bodies will slowly waste away to nothing." "So he's trying to kill us?" Pashmina said questioningly

"Well this isn't just some practical joke!" Panda replied. Sandy sighed

"If Maxy were here he'd know what to do."

"Ookyoo, ookwee!" Penelope agreed in her indecipherable dialect

"Hey, where d'you think Maxwell is anyway?" Pashmina asked

"I dunno, for all we know he might've got hit by a cannonball." Panda

joked. The irony of what he said was that Maxwell actually had been hit by a cannonball, despite how unlikely that seems in the middle of the desert. Sandy stood up "Huh, Sandy where are you going?" Pashmina enquired

"I'm gonna go jump down that hole over there;" Sandy replied, pointing to the same pit that Boss and Howdy had fallen down "it's not like we can just wait until we get struck by lightning." Ironically enough she was at that moment hit by exactly eighteen-thousand-five-hundred-and-fifty-six volts of electricity in the form of a bolt of lightning. All that remained of the tiger-striped hamster was a wisp of dark lavender smoke. "Woahâ€œ!" Panda whispered in astonishment. Everyone else was just staring in surprise, and the event seemed to faze Hamtaro slightly. "Well," Panda said finally "I agree with Sandy's plan!"

"Getting struck by lightning?" Pashmina asked

"Uh, no. Jumping down the hole." Panda replied, walking out of the cave "I mean, it's not like a meteor's gonna bash me in the skull, is it?" At that very moment, a chunk of red-hot space rock came hurtling towards him at incredible speeds and almost collided with him, before it had a chance to make contact, however: he vanished in a cloud of purple smoke; Hamtaro's eye began to twitch. "Hmm," Pashmina said "this gives me an idea!" She grabbed Penelope by the paw and led her out of the cave, leaving a rather unhappy Hamtaro and a not-quite-so unhappy Bijou in the shade provided by the rock formation.

"Oh, mighty God! I beseech thee! Bring forth to us oblivion, and thus salvation! We pray to thee, oh mighty creator and destroyer, please answer our call!" Pashmina was stood with her hands in the air, a tumbleweed rolled across the desert and the sound of chirping crickets could be heard, despite the lack of plants and crickets anywhere in the desert. After a few more seconds of silence and Pashmina sweating anime style, a disappointed Penelope said "Ookwee, ookyoo," and as usual no-one understood a word of it, however they could tell by her tone. Hamtaro seemed impartial to the fact the attempt had failed.

"No, wait, I've got a good idea!" Pashmina said nervously, "We tried being polite, let's try being rude!" She looked up and started shouting "Oy, you! You stupid deity, yeah you, you'd better fry us right now or I'm gonna march right up those, uhâ€œ clouds, and whoop your candy ass! You heard me! Smite me O mighty smiter!" Nothing happened, Hamtaro and Bijou were sweating anime style, "Well it could've worked." Pashmina said defensively. The two of them fell over.

Pashmina turned around and began to pace away from them, stroking her chin in thought, but before anything hit her, her foot hit something, and she tripped over, and something hit her face. Apparently she hadn't noticed a small flat stone on the ground, picking it up she looked it up and down and had an idea. Penelope skipped up behind her "Penelope, I've got an idea." She told her, raising the stone in the air, and then she brought it down on her head, but vanished in a cloud of purple smoke milliseconds before it made contact, and then it fell on Penelope, who just stood there, not having expected anything. "Ookw—" was all she had time to say. And then it was just Hamtaro and Bijou.

Hamtarō, as it happens, was sitting confused, bound and gagged at that point in time, remembering only Cappy and Dexter about to be eaten by a giant bird, then dizziness, and then being where he was. He tried to talk again but 'Can someone please untie me?' came out as "Cb thbub pb uhg du?" Bijou meanwhile sighed. She turned to Hamtarō "Well, I guess it is just us now, 'Amtaroâ€|" He looked up at her and smirked "'Amtaro? 'Amtaro? Guess again Frenchie!" He said maniacally

"Frenchie?" 'Hamtarō' closed his eyes and re-opened them, revealing them to be in the shape of crescent moons. He gave her a devilish smile as his features twisted and his orange fur morphed into a cherry red devil costume. He began to laugh uncontrollably and said in a terrifyingly sinister voice "And now I've got you where I want you!"

"Skett?" Bijou gasped in horror, Spat's expression changed from one of insane joy to one of irritated dismay, his eyes reduced to dots. "No! My name is Spat! Spat you stupid French plonker! And I've got your little orange boyfriend too! All tied up and helpless; I bet he's tryin' to say 'Can someone please untie me?' and it's comin' out as 'Cb thbub pb uhg du?'" He laughed at his weirdly accurate and meant-to-be-but-not-actually-that cruel quip.

The sand below Bijou began to fall in as a pit opened beneath her "I've got both of you here and I'll ensure you don't escape! In the real world your bodies will waste away and your stupid little friends won't be able to do anything about it! I may have lost them, but you two; you're the one's I was really after! You'll pay for ruining my little heartbreak scam!" The falling sand stopped and Bijou lost her footing, but managed to grasp right onto the edge. "Well, well, looks like I win," Spat said demonically

"You will never succeed at zis!" Bijou retorted

"Come now, the only way that would happen is if right now I were struck by a nuclear missile, which I doubt!" Then an unfamiliar, but extremely pre-recorded sounding female voice came loudly, seemingly from the sky. "Warning, a ten megaton nuclear missile is about to be tested in this area, if you did not begin evacuation five hours ago you are doomed to an extremely painful death, have a nice day." There then came a whistling sound like something very heavy was falling from the sky, Spat looked up to see a large, dark grey object that looked like a huge stubby bullet with a logo reading '10 Megatons' on it. "What the f—" Spat said, but was blasted out of the desert before this story could contain major profanity. The explosion also caused Bijou to lose her grip and fall down the pit she was desperately clinging to.

She awoke quietly mumbling and looked around, everything was dark, in fact she wasn't even sure her eyes were open, she turned around. Either they were open or she was hallucinating, probably the latter, because she saw a bare light bulb hanging in midair in a place that could easily have oh-so-conveniently had it's roof forgotten by the contractors, who did however, remember to include it in the bill. Underneath the bulb, was something she did want to see, but not in the way she wanted to see it. She did want to see Hamtarō, but she didn't want to see him bound and gagged.

She ran up to him and began trying to undo his conveniently loose

bonds, probably a result of continuous struggling on Hamtaro's part. After a short while she had his ropes and gag off, "Hamtaro what 'appened?" He shrugged than looked to his left

"Hey, I think I see a light over there!" Bijou turned

"Oui, I see it too," and indeed there was a bright light coming from their far left, the two hamsters began running towards it and soon saw it was a door, cut out of what appeared to be a rock face. As soon as they went through, the two of them skidded to a halt; they were now stood on a decent sized rock face, overlooking the dark green meadow the Ham Hams had found themselves in at the beginning of their somewhat pointless adventure.

"Wow," Hamtaro whispered under his breath. He glanced at Bijou and said "well now what?"

"I don't know," Bijou said weakly, then she looked up "wait, I 'ave an idea!" she ran over to the cliff edge "You know Maxwell's plan, where we 'ave to get ourselves killed?"

"You mean the really weird one? Uh, Bijou, I don't think that edge is high enough to jump off of." Hamtaro said quietly

"I'm not going to silly, watch zis," she said turning away from the cliff edge "I very much doubt zat a huge terrifying dragon will come and attack us, and zen feast on our succulent flesh." She yelled out to no-one

"Heke?" along with a tilted head was Hamtaro's only reply. He became only more confused when the floor began to shake rapidly, and still didn't catch on when a large green reptilian head shielded by a solid gold mask, showing only the lizard's burning red eyes rose up from under the cliff edge. The creature opened its jaw and let out a roar that only those who have watched a Godzilla movie can imagine. Bijou was cowering, wishing she'd said a rain of fire or being turned into pillars of salt. "'Amtaro, I'm scared," she managed to whimper. He turned to her.

"Bijou this could be our only way out, we have to just stand here and take it!"

"Zat's easy for you to say! You're not scared of anysing!"

"Yes I am. I'm scared of this, cats are different from this!"

"'Ow?"

"Cat's don't breathe fire!"

"What?" Bijou screamed in confusion, but her state of ignorance was shattered when she looked up to see the dragon generating a violently sparkling ball of fire in its mouth. She could see Hamtaro was visibly shaking, but his face was locked in a n expression of undying determination. The beast reared back it head and a huge, swirling stream of infernal flames burst from its jaws. Bijou screamed. Their eyes burst open and they sat bolt upright. They looked around, they were in the clubhouse.

Everyone else was awake too, groaning and rubbing their brows. "Dude, what hit me?" Stan groaned

"That would be us." Boss replied "Come on! Skelt must be in here somewhere!"

"Hey wait, I thought his name was Sven."

"It doesn't matter if his names flipping Sturgeon!"

"Good point."

Spat, the hamster they were referring to, was sat cross legged on a purple cushion with gold lace, drinking a small cup of green tea. He chuckled to himself "I finally have those two meddling hams that ruined my plans to break up all the Ham Hams' friendships. This day couldn't get any better." Then a hefty paw tapped him on the shoulder and he heard a gruff voice clear its throat. He turned around to see Boss stood there, along with a crowd of other hams, aside from Hamtaro and Bijou who were stood at the back of the room, Bijou with her hands over her eyes and Hamtaro having placed a bucket over his head. They were never ones for violence. Boss punched his hand, a common indication of 'I'm about to break every bone in your body.' Or 'You are about to experience an extended period of unbearable pain.' Spat whispered under his breath; "Oh, crap."

"Hello Scert." Boss said with a cruel happiness in his voice, to receive the whining reply "It's Spat!"

The events that followed are best described with Spat's words at the time so here they are: "Ow, aah! Oh, god! Oh, Jesus! Yeowch! Aah! My spleen! Damn you! Damn you! Damn you! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

After much painful torturing of a hamster in a red devil costume Hamtaro set off for home. As he trotted away from the park and neared his front garden, he heard Laura's voice and indistinct footsteps, Kana was coming over, which meant Oxnard would have easy passage home. Some people had all the luck. He yelled cries of distress as he hurried up the drainpipe, through the knothole in the planks on the side of the house, traversed the inside of the drywall and scrambled into his cage, as usual barely managing to get through the door intime.

Laura opened the door of the room and she and Kana entered, Hamtaro breathing heavily at his just-in-time re-entry. And then he surprisingly enough, before Laura even had time to say hello, fell asleep.

* * *

>Hooray! After much pain and agony this story is finally complete! Please read and review and check out my Legend of Zelda fic: The Pirate and the Hero! Go on, please!<p><p>

End
file.